

OYSTER TO JUDSON

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON STRIKES

A STRONG DEFENSE OF HIS POSITION.

July 26, 1911.
Major W. V. Judson, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Acting President, Board of Commissioners, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Your letter of July 19 reached me on July 21—a day after it was published in the newspapers.

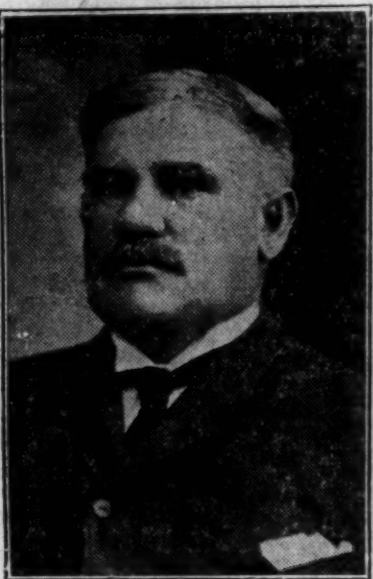
The request in the Commissioners for a change in the arrangement of the Board of Education's estimates for buildings and grounds will meet with the cordial response which our board takes pride in giving to all appropriate requests from the Commissioners.

But when you say—"It must have been well known to the board that the Commissioners would be obliged to cut the estimates which it submitted" * * * I am bound to ask how can the Commissioners justify themselves to their own civic consciences?

The Board of Education is anxious to be conservative and reasonable in all its conduct, we are anxious to co-operate with the Commissioners by keeping our estimates within an equitable budgetary proportion. But, the thoroughgoing investigations conducted under the auspices of the Board of Education all tend to confirm the findings of the Schoolhouse Commission (1908) that (on account of the inexcusable neglect in the past when the Board of Education was appointed by the Commissioners) the most liberal appropriations are needed for a series of years to bring the housing conditions abreast of the city's actual needs. (This Commission was authorized by Congress in the organic school law; it consisted of the Superintendent of Schools, the Supervising Architect of the United States Treasury, and the Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia.) The continued occupation of expensive quarters that are absolutely unsuited to the use of school children, is surely in the nature of a disgrace to the Capital of the Nation. Charged with a sacred trust for the present and the future of all classes in this community, our Board of Education has sought to indicate in its annual estimates the undeniably essential needs of the school system.

The report of the Schoolhouse Commission speaks as follows:

"The Commission believes that an authorization in new school buildings and grounds for the fiscal year 1909 of about \$1,000,000 should be made, and that about the same sum should be appropriated for each of the three or four succeeding years, after which a normal basis will be reached of



about \$600,000 per year for new buildings, and from \$100,000 to \$150,000 for repairs to buildings, to plumbing, and to heating and ventilating apparatus."

Thus, these experts recommend the appropriation of three million dollars for "new school buildings and grounds" in the three fiscal years 1909 to 1911 inclusive. The actual appropriations for these three years amount to less than two million dollars. But in spite of this grave situation, the Board of Education asked for 1912 less than one million dollars. In a word, if the original estimates of the Board of Education had been enacted into law, the schools would still be more than a million dollars short of the recommendations of the Schoolhouse Commission for new buildings and grounds for the four fiscal years (1909-1910-1911 and 1912), with what show of reason, then, can the Commissioners call that unreasonable?

In determining an equitable budgetary proportion for the public schools of the Capital of the Nation, is it not reasonable to bear in mind that of the forty-six cities in the United States with a population of more than one hundred thousand, thirty-one, or 67 per cent, expended a larger proportion of their "general and special service expenses" for schools in 1908 than did the District of Columbia? Among these thirty-one cities are New York and Cleveland and Detroit, Newark, Minneapolis, Jersey City, Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Paul. (See U. S. Census, Special Reports, Statistics of Cities: 1908, Table 33.)

To proceed: Hitherto the Board of Education has labored under the impression that Commissioners were aware which school buildings are for white pupils and which for colored.

Responsible for the real property of the public schools, might not the Commissioners be fairly expected to know that the Armstrong school, the M Street High School and the manual training center for the Twelfth Division—the first item you reduced by one-third and the others you cut out entirely—are for colored pupils? That our board acted upon an erroneous impression is a matter of sincere regret. The Commissioners might wisely become better acquainted with their buildings.

The Board of Education estimated under the caption of "buildings and grounds" for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, \$751,683 in the case of the white schools, and \$292,167 in the case of the colored. These figures include a division of the item of \$20,000 for refitting Franklin School, and the item of \$37,500 for "repairs and improvements" in the ratio of 2 to 1 for white and colored schools. That is to say, our Board sought as always to assign the colored community practically one-third of the aggregate estimates since the enrollment of the colored schools is about one-third that of the whole system.

You state—"It must have been well known to the Board that the Commissioners would be obliged to cut the estimates which it submitted, and that in order to have the benefit of the wisdom of the Board it would cut off items for school buildings and grounds from the bottom of the list of items which it furnished."

As a matter of fact, the Commissioners did not simply and innocently cut off items from "the bottom of the list" upward. One of the items for specific buildings number 12 (white) they retained, but number 11 (colored) they cut out. Numbers 10, 9, and 8 they retained, but number 7 they cut out. Number 6, 5, 4 and 3 the Commissioners reduced. "The wind bloweth where it listeth" and the Commissioners' blue pencil skipped now here, now there in our estimates, adding an entirely new item in one place, reducing four or five items in other places, and cutting out in a hit-or-miss fashion altogether 52 per cent of the Board of Education's total estimate for colored schools.

But the Board of Education did not arrange its items haphazard. The first six items on the list were either for the completion of buildings or for their equipment. The seventh item was for refitting store rooms, offices, and Board rooms at Franklin School. The eighth and ninth items (white) were for new projects, the tenth and eleventh (colored) for new projects; so were the twelfth (white), the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth (all colored), the sixteenth (white) and the seventeenth (colored). This arrangement—it merely undertook first of all the complete projects already begun—was obviously businesslike and equitable. But, the Commissioners' blue pencil did not stop to enquire.

The Commissioners undertook to do two things to our estimates: The first was unwise, the second illegal.

The unwisdom consisted in the attempt to substitute for the estimates of the Board of Education estimates of your own. You cut three items for white schools, one per cent of the total for these schools. You cut two items for the colored schools, five per cent of the total. You cut down our estimates for white schools by eliminating entirely two items amounting to 18 per cent of our estimates for those schools. You cut down our estimates for colored schools by eliminating entirely five items, amounting to more than half of our estimate for colored schools.

Had you extended the Board of Education opportunity to readjust our own well-proportioned estimates, bringing them within such compass as to bear a more modest relation to the aggregate municipal estimates, our Board would gladly have saved you the embarrassment of your leap in the dark. So much for your unwisdom.

But, your procedure was more than unwise, it was illegal. Lest your acquaintance with the organic school law be not more perfect than your acquaintance with the school buildings, let me quote from section 2, of the law:

"That the control of the public schools of the District of Columbia is hereby vested in a board of education. * * * The members of the board of education shall be appointed by the Supreme Court Judges of the District of Columbia."

"The board shall determine all questions of general policy relating to the schools, shall appoint the executive officers, hereinafter provided for, define their duties, and direct expenditures. All expenditures of public funds for such school purchases shall be made and accounted for as now provided by law under the direction and control of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia."

"The Board of Education shall annually, on the first day of October, transmit to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia an estimate in detail of the amount of money required for the public schools for the ensuing year, and said Commissioners shall transmit the same in their annual estimate of appropriations for the District of Columbia, with such recommendations as they may deem proper."

The last paragraph has, perhaps, been modified by additional legislation contained in Sections 7 and 8 of the Appropriation Bill for 1910. Does this statement destroy the essential independence of the Board of Education established by the organic act? Does it impair our power and duty to "direct expenditures"? Does it transfer to the Commissioners the

business of formulating the estimates of the school system? On the contrary, the amendment leaves these fundamentals distinctly unaltered.

For the smooth working of this amendment the co-operation of the Board of Commissioners and the Board of Education is requisite. A reasonable percentage of the total municipal expenses for the fiscal year being determined for the public schools, the formulation of the estimates in accord with that proportion should, under the letter and spirit of the law and the principles of common sense, be left to the Board of Education and its professional corps.

A reading of the excerpts from the school law should, then, make clear to the Commissioners what has always been clear to the Board of Education:

(1) That following the best American practices and deeply impressed with the slovenly inefficiency of the management of our local schools under the Commissioners, Congress has made the present Board of Education independent of the municipal government by vesting "the control of the public schools" not in the Board of Commissioners but in the Board of Education, which represents the interests of the permanent community.

(2) That Congress has specifically empowered the Board of Education to "direct expenditures," leaving (a) the disbursing of the actual money and (b) the auditing of accounts "under the direction and control of the Commissioners."

(3) That Congress has enacted into law, so far as the annual estimates of the Board of Education are concerned, that "said Commissioners shall transmit the same in their annual estimate of appropriations for the District of Columbia, with such recommendations as they may deem proper."

The law is so clear and explicit that the Board of Education may well be pardoned for assuming that the Commissioners would eventually gather its essential meaning. To "transmit" the estimates of the Board of Education with "recommendations" is one thing. To tamper with those estimates so as to disfigure them, to destroy their symmetry and proportion, to convert the principles of equity to all classes in the community—rich and poor, white and black—upon which our estimates are always based, into a sham and mockery, to substitute your estimates for ours—to do this is quite a different, is quite an illegal thing. The Board of Commissioners, then, have themselves been guilty of that "discrimination which next to dishonesty, is the greatest evil that can creep into municipal administration."

When the Congressional Committee literally threw out of court your ill-proportioned estimates because of their glaring injustices to the colored community, when Congress passed the appropriation bill for 1912 with 34 per cent of the aggregate appropriation under the caption of Buildings and grounds assigned to the colored schools, instead of the 14 or 15 per cent actually proposed by the Commissioners, Congress administered a well-merited rebuke to the dangerous habit which seems to have taken root in our municipal government—the habit of substituting arbitrary interference for the orderly processes of civil procedure.

I hope it may be helpful to the Commissioners for me to enquire whether it is not notorious that, whereas, about one-third of the officers, teachers and other employees of the Board of Education are selected from the colored community, in the swarm of persons occupying clerical positions or posts of greater responsibility under the control of the Commissioners, not half a dozen are persons of color? "Next to dishonesty, the Board of Education would have you inscribe upon the facade of the municipal building in letters of gold, lest you forget, 'discrimination is the greatest evil that can creep into municipal administration.'"

The Board of Education seeks justification for its vigorous policies in the far-reaching improvement in the physical equipment and repair of our schools, in the more wholesome discipline and finer professional spirit which pervade the whole corps of teachers and supervisors, in the larger and richer service of our schools to the bodies and minds and hearts of our thousands of pupils, rich and poor, white and black. The Board finds its authority for its acts and policies in a conservative interpretation of the letter and spirit of the organic school law which for the public good invests it and not the Commissioners with "the control of the public schools of the District of Columbia," a law which, in the judgment of eminent authority, endows the Board of Education with ampler powers than it has yet exercised.

When the present Board of Education took charge of the public schools in 1905, the schools were in need of many reforms. Today no citizen need be ashamed of the schools of Washington; they take rank with the best in the country. But, instead of helping the Board of Education in its comprehensive program of reform, the Commissioners have hampered it by petty meddling, and by a criticism as acrid as it is assiduous, as baseless as it is petty, and as ineffective for any public good as it is ill-considered.

Members of the Board of Education have devoted themselves, at no small sacrifice of time and money and effort, to the steady improvement of the people's schools. The Board of Education wishes to be judged by its actions rather than by any high-sounding, hypocritical words such as "Next to dishonesty, discrimination is the greatest evil that can creep into mu-

nicipal administration." If the Commissioners will for once and all get fixed clearly in their minds the fact that the present Board of Education has no favors to grant and none to ask, and no apologies to make for doing its duty; if the Commissioners will in the future undertake to obey the letters and the spirit of the organic school law which the wisdom of Congress has enacted, the children of the schools will have cause to clap their hands and throw up their caps and shout, and the whole community will be thankful.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) JAS. F. OYSTER,
President, Board of Education.

The City's Best.

The best barbershop in the city, with scientific artists in attendance, is under the supervision of Mr. Wm. McMullen, 1026 U Street Northwest. The tonorial artists in this well equipped shop are men of high class. The sanitary conditions in this are unsurpassed. If you want first-class service by first-class artists, go to McMullen, 1026 U Street Northwest, on the boulevard.

Arch Deacon E. L. Henderson and sister, Miss Pearl G. Henderson, a teacher in Atlanta Episcopal school, spent Sunday in Washington, the guests of their young aunt, Mrs. Bessie Cartier. Mrs. Cartier and guests departed for Philadelphia, to be entertained by Mrs. Bishop Heard, a sister to Mrs. Cartier. Lawyer Will Henderson's daughter, Miss Rose Henderson, a teacher in the Indianapolis schools, and cousin to Mrs. Cartier and Mrs. Heard, are also the guests of Mrs. Heard in Philadelphia at this time.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS

Proposed for Colored Children of Ohio—Laws of the State Against It.
(Special to The Bee.)
Cincinnati, O., Aug. 10.

An effort is to be made by the Board of Education at Wyoming, a small town just out from this city, and a suburb of Cincinnati, to establish a separate school for the less than forty colored children of the town. Separate schools are against the laws of this State, and if one is established it will be a violation of the law. The Board of Education could establish such a school and maintain it if the colored citizens offered no objection, but it would not be legal. It is not believed that the colored citizens of Wyoming will sit supinely down and permit their children to be jim-crowed when they have the law on their side. Interesting developments and perhaps recourse to the courts is looked for if the Board of Education attempts to violate the law of the State with respect to separate schools.

Masonic Notes.

The remains of Sir Knight John B. Ruffin, who met his death suddenly by being scalded, was buried from the Metropolitan Baptist Church, R Street Northwest. The church was packed. The roster was filled with ministers from various churches. The services were conducted by Rev. W. D. Norman, assisted by visiting ministers. His subject was 116th Psalm, 15th verse: "Precious is the death of the Saint in God's sight." Brother Ruffin had long been a member of the church, also a deacon.

He was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 5, F. A. M., Osceola Lodge, G. W. O. F., St. Johns Chapter No. 7, R. A. M., and Mt. Calvary Commandery, No. 4, K. T.

Eureka Lodge had charge of the remains, escorted by the commandery. Bros. John C. Knor, B. F. Turner and Senor P. Bennett were elected members of the grand committee for 1912.

Visitation in the chapters will begin in October.

YOUNG BOSTON NEGRO

Almost Electrocuted—Shocking Accident in Which Harold Brooks Almost Loses His Life.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Aug. 6.—Harold Brooks, of Boston, Mass., a young colored man who is an electrician, was almost electrocuted last Thursday. While he and young Tyler, a son of Auditor Ralph Tyler, of Washington, were engaged in fastening a cross-arm to one of the tall poles, his hand came in contact with a live wire. Suspended by his belt, young Brooks hung helpless sixty feet above the ground, burning in agony until the voltage, which surged through the electric main, was shut off. His shirt was burned off, and his hand burned to the bone. When taken down he was in a dying condition. Even if he recovers he will be a helpless cripple for life. He and young Tyler were classmates at Tuskegee, and have been room-mates, both being electricians in the employ of the Montgomery Light and Power Company.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

The Fairmount Heights Citizens Association at its regular monthly meeting Tuesday night, Aug. 8, 1911, was favored with an able lecture, delivered by Mr. James A. Campbell, LL. B. His subject was "Incorporation." He explained among other things many of the advantages and disadvantages of incorporation. His remarks were timely and instructive, as the idea of incorporation is in the minds of the citizens here. The meeting was graced with the presence of many of the ladies of the community. The president, Seret Frank Coleman, spoke along the lines of declaration

of intention, registration and the fall election.

The M. E. Church continues to grow in the favor of the people. A committee of clerks in the office of the auditor for the Interior Department, Treasury Department, made a liberal donation to the Sunday school of the M. E. Church, with which to purchase singing books. Mrs. A. J. Ware, Mrs. A. Armstrong and Mrs. Rebecca Slater were appointed to make the purchase.

The Willing Workers' Club of the First Presbyterian Church of Fairmount Heights, of which Mrs. T. C. Coles is president, and Mrs. S. Q. Charity is secretary, held a meeting at the church Friday night, Aug. 5, 1911, and made final arrangements for their picnic, which will be held in the pine grove, 61st street and the District Boulevard, Monday evening, Aug. 21, from 4 to 12 P. M. The club employed the Monumental Orchestra to make the music for the occasion. Rev. T. J. Smith, the pastor, will return from his extended vacation within a few days.

Mr. Frederick Gilmore, a thrifty citizen, cleared F Street Northeast, from 58th street half way to District Boulevard, and laid many yards of sidewalk. Mr. R. D. Mullins repaired the bridge on 58th street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Jones moved into their beautiful new home on Clark avenue last week.

Mrs. Mary L. Armstrong, who has been spending a month's vacation in Montgomery, Ala., returned to the city on August 6.

Mrs. Mary Curtis, P. D. B., has been invited and kindly consented to address the Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association upon the subject of "Thoroughness," Tuesday evening, September 12, 1911.

The town of Fairmount Heights has become a summer resort. In passing during the afternoon one would think himself at the sea shore. Many live in tents. Among those who are entertaining their friends from the city and elsewhere, are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Silence, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene L. Silence, Miss Alice R. Silence, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Norris, Dr. Frank Cardozo and others. Among some of the guests are: Mrs. Stevenson, of Jersey City, the mother of Mrs. Wm. G. Silence; Mrs. Glenn, wife of Prof. Glenn, teacher in the high school; the three Misses Waring, lovely daughters of Dr. Waring, Miss Howard, daughter of Rev. W. J. Howard, and Mrs. Curney, a former teacher in the public schools of the District of Columbia.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thomas, of 1345 Twenty-ninth street N. W., have gone to visit relatives in Charles County, Md., for three weeks.

Mrs. Mary H. Pitts and little daughter, BEE, of Maryland, are here on a visit to her mother and sister, of Dumbarton avenue Northwest.

Messrs. Chas. H. and Jas. L. Turner each received a very handsome silver souvenir cup, the gift of Mrs. Emma Thomas, in honor of their birthday anniversary last Monday, July 31, 1911.

Miss Harriet H. Beason has returned to the city after a few weeks of recreation on the shore of Maryland. The teachers and officers of Mt. Zion M. E. school tendered a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. William Audrick, of 1630 Montella avenue, Northeast, Wednesday evening.

The occasion was of the recent marriage of the couple. Mr. Audrick is the efficient librarian of the Sunday school. Light refreshments were served by the hosts. Among those present were Mrs. Marie L. Wheeler, Misses Emma J. Williams, Louise Williams, Rebecca Williams, Violet Ferguson, Emma P. Williams, Rosa Williams, Victoria Williams, Mary Ferguson, Fannie Hayes, Ella Thompson, Martha Henderson, Mrs. Johanna Henderson, Mrs. Laura Audrick, Mrs. Wilhelmina Wilson, Mrs. Ethel Pope, Mr. and Mrs. A. Minor, and Mr. Harry Thompson.

The First Baptist school enjoyed their annual outing Friday, which was largely attended with much enjoyment.

The First Baptist Church was out at Eureka Park Sunday and conducted their regular Sunday meetings during the day. The exercises were concluded with an interesting program by the Christian Endeavor Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll entertained a few friends Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Minnie Snowden, of New York. Among those present were Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Maggie Thomas, Mrs. L. Palmer, Mrs. L. G. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, Messrs. Jackson, John Smith, L. Clark, R. Carroll, Dennis Carroll, Jas. L. Turner.

Recent Deaths.

Mr. Robert Parker, the son of Mrs. Cynthia Parker and the late Wm. Parker, died Saturday, July 29, after a short illness, and was buried Monday evening. Rev. D. W. Hayes officiated.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, a life long resident of this place, died Saturday morning and was buried Tuesday afternoon from Mt. Zion M. E. Church. Mr. Johnson was a member of the Official Board of Mt. Zion Church. His funeral was largely attended by the Order of Salem, of which he was a past officer. The steward board attended in a body, and presented resolutions in honor of his memory. Rev. D. W. Hayes officiated, assisted by Rev. E. E. Ricks and Rev. George Jacobs. Interment, Mt. Zion Cemetery.

Mrs. Blanche Drew is visiting in Delwyn, Va., where she expects to stay two or three weeks.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Andy Toth, who was released from the penitentiary last March after serving twenty years for a crime which he did not commit, has been placed on the Carnegie pension roll. He has been ordered to receive \$40.00 a month as long as he lives.

Rev. Harvey Johnson, the veteran race champion, celebrated his 68th birthday August 4. He is the author of a book and several pamphlets. He is a great advocate of equal rights and privileges of the colored American race.

An appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the completion of the recent census, the publishing of the complete census returns and the repair and storage of the tabulating machinery is asked by Secretary MacVeagh, of the Treasury Department.

Capt. Thomas D. Adams, a direct descendant of Presidents John Adams and John Quincy Adams, died in this city last week at the age of 74 years.

Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University, has completed his tour covering fourteen States in six weeks. He says colored high schools are in much better position than colored colleges and universities.

The winner of the Ralph W. Tyler essay prize on the "Relation of the Negro to the Industrial Development," was W. H. Pleasants, Howard University, first winner, Leo English, second, and William Gilbert, third.

A. Leo Stevens announces in New York that Victor Evans, a patent attorney in this city, has put up a \$10,000 prize for an aeroplane flight from Milwaukee to New York, to be tried for by Harry N. Atwood. The distance will cover 1,065 miles, according to the itinerary selected.

The coronation chair in which King George V sat during the coronation ceremonies, was made for King Edward I, in 1296, and with the exception of Queen Mary, every sovereign who has ruled in England since the reign of Edward I has sat in this identical chair.

The official report of the Italian government on cholera situation shows that from July 27 to 31 inclusive, there were throughout the kingdom of Italy a total of 802 cases and 319 deaths.

The number of United States naval officers who have committed suicide, suffered mental breakdowns or disappeared suddenly within the past year or two has become so large that officials at the Brooklyn Navy Yard recommend the appointment of a board to inquire into possible causes.

Capital punishment prevails in all the States and Territories of the Union except Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Kansas and Maine. It was abolished in Iowa in 1872, but was soon afterward restored. It was abolished in Colorado, but restored in 1901. In New York and Ohio execution is by electricity.

The first school for colored people after the civil war was founded, it is stated by J. Milton Turner, in Kansas City, in 1868.

The United States army transport Sheridan sails for Manila with the 142d Company of coast artillery and \$1,000,000 to pay troops in the Philippines.

Francis H. Holton, of Akron, O., is the holder of patent No. 1,000,000, issued by the United States Government. The patent is an automobile tire so designed as to prevent skidding. Patent No. 1 was given to John Ruggles, for the improvement on the steam engine.

The primitive log cabin built twenty-seven years ago for Joaquin Miller, the poet, on Meridian Hill, where his simple genius flourished for more than a decade, will be taken apart to be rebuilt again on its new and permanent site in Rock Creek Park.

President Taft received another wedding present on the 6th of this month. It came from nine children under the protection of the New York Association for Care of the Blind, whose institution was recently opened by the President. The present was a card case woven of silver threads.

TRUE REFORMERS INDICTED.

Consternation in Richmond.

RICHMOND, Va., Aug. 9.—Thirty-nine indictments were today returned against the former officers of the True Reformers' Bank and insurance order by a grand jury of the corporation court, which has been for a week investigating the affairs of that order. J. C. Robinson, a colored attorney formerly of Danville, is indicted seven times; R. T. Hill, the former cashier, four; A. W. Holmes, at one time grand master of the order, six; W. P. Burwell, general secretary, eight; W. L. Tavior, former grand master, six, and Edward Ellis, book-keeper and accountant, eight.

They have, as the indictments charge, wrecked the order and robbed the poor and ignorant of their savings of a lifetime. Dates for the trials have not been fixed. There are members in every city in the country.

Mrs. I. E. Williamson, of 1939 Ninth street Northwest, left on the 4th for a two weeks' vacation, and while away will visit friends in Philadelphia and Jersey City, and, incidentally, will visit Niagara Falls. Mr. Williamson is on leave also.

(BELLA FIGLIA)

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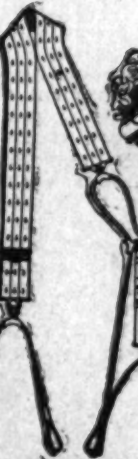
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looking at the calendar. The conditions were shameful, worse than in many European cities." The applause was scattered.

The violent wind and hail storm which swept Lee County, Ala., caused damages estimated at \$150,000, and practically every vestige of growing crops was destroyed.

John P. Jones, the noted Welsh composer and vocalist, died in Chicago last week at the age of 88 years. He died while singing one of his favorite hymns.

A BLIGHT

By ELIZABETH WEED

Edith Wilton combined two marked contradictions. She possessed a lovable disposition, but when she was a baby, through the carelessness of a nurse, she fell and cut her lip, producing a wound that in healing left a scar, giving a very disagreeable expression to her face.

Edith could see in the faces of those she met a repugnance occasioned by her expression. At first she tried to obviate this effect by smiling, but she saw at once by the further recoil of the one looking at her that she was only heightening the disagreeable impression. Such physical blights usually have one of two effects, either the blighted person is unconscious of the defect or becomes painfully sensitive concerning it. Edith was of the latter class. She would not go to the social gatherings of her own age. More and more she shrank within herself. Then, becoming conscious that in being a recluse she would be forced into a life of selfishness, she began to devote herself to the poor.

She had friends, girl friends, who sought to draw her out socially. Confidence between young girls is close, while that between opposite sexes, especially at that age, is distant. The young men who met Edith looked upon the expression on her face and turned away with a shrug. Her girl friends had a better opportunity to learn what there was under the misleading expression. When one of her chums was married she insisted on Edith being her bridesmaid. Edith demurred, but her friend would not excuse her.

At the wedding the bridesmaid, looking up suddenly, saw the eyes of a young man she had never seen riveted upon her and without that repelled expression she was accustomed to see. The man was a recent graduate of a medical school. The reason why his face did not reflect any disagreeable expression at her defect was because, being a practitioner, he was used to controlling his features when treating his patients.

But Edith did not know this. She knew only that a man with a kindly face was looking at her without any reference to her defect. And when Dr. Allan Emerson requested an introduction and was presented to her her heart fairly bounded within her. Not for an instant while he chatted with her did he seem conscious of her blight. And she, being made to feel that it was inconsequential, rose above it so far as to display the real attractiveness and worth that were in her.

And yet the reason of the young doctor's desire to make her acquaintance was that very defect. He had been observing her before she had noticed him and with a professional eye had been watching the effect of her scar upon the various expressions that flitted across her face. Some physicians, rough in manner, though they may be invaluable helpers to the afflicted, would not have scrupled to betray the real object of their interest. Emerson was of a different kind. He not only concealed his own thoughts for professional reasons, but from an innate sense of delicacy.

Whatever be the exact analysis of his feelings, the act produced a marked impression upon Edith Wilton. A man whose person, whose bearing, was far above the average had not only failed to show any repugnance at her defect, but had asked to be introduced to her and chatted with her, displaying unusual interest in her without seeming to be conscious that there was any difference between her and other girls, unless to her advantage. But when he asked her if he might not call upon her the cup of her delight was full.

A few months after the meeting Dr. Emerson asked Edith to be his wife. When she had accepted him he mentioned for the first time her defect, letting her know that he believed he could remove at least its effects.

"Why," said Edith, "didn't you remove it before proposing to me?" "Because, sweetheart," he replied, "these stupid men who have been passing you by would have learned of your real worth, and the field would have been full of rivals."

There was more in her eyes than in her words when she replied, "You know very well that none of them were to be feared by you."

But Edith dreaded lest in case an operation were not successful her lover might find himself tied through life to a blighted woman and unhappiness for both would result. She therefore insisted on having the operation performed and if the trouble were removed the marriage to take place afterward. Dr. Emerson demurred to this, saying that whether the operation were or were not a success he would not give her up. Both stood firmly on the ground that they had taken, but the man, since the result would be the same to him in any event, finally yielded.

The operation was merely a matter of delicate handling, its only object being to produce a certain result of facial expression. Dr. Emerson performed it himself, covering the wound he made with a piece of skin from the arm of another person. When the whole had healed and the bandages were removed, though the scar remained, the expression on the face had entirely changed.

Dr. Emerson is facetious in his remarks upon how he kept rivals from the girl he wanted and whom as his wife he considers a treasure.

A Ring at The Doorbell

By LOUISE IDA ROSS

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were sitting one October evening before a blazing wood fire—they had not yet lighted the furnace—and the room was aglow and redolent with the pleasant odor of burning wood. The children had been romping, Mr. Trevor carrying Bennie piggyback and Willie on all fours, but their mother had now taken them all, including the girls, up to bed, tucked them in, kissed them good night and had returned with her sewing, which she was doing by the big lamp on the table, while Mr. Trevor read a magazine.

There was a ring at the bell. Now, for many years there was something in the ring of his doorbell that cast a sober look over Samuel Trevor's face. But to explain the reason for this it is necessary to go back to the time when he was a very young man.

When he was but eighteen his father, who was a lumber merchant, sent his son to a lumber camp that he might learn the business which would one day be his, from the beginning. There is danger to all persons of that age of inexperience and recklessness that they may make a mess of it, and on that account it is a bad plan to take them away from young girls of their own social circle and place them among their inferiors. And where would a young man of refinement find people more his inferiors than in a lumber camp? Among the girls there was Madge Hopkins, the daughter of a lumberman, several years older than Trevor, who lured him into indiscretions with her, then threatened him with vengeance if he refused to marry her. He did so, but immediately left the camp.

An effort was made to annul the marriage, but it was unsuccessful. Then the woman offered to refrain from troubling her husband if his father would support her. Remittances were sent regularly for a season, when suddenly a newspaper was received containing a notice of her death. No doubt was felt of the truth of the notice when several years had passed and, no remittances having been sent, no demand was made for them.

Twelve years after the conclusion of this episode Samuel Trevor married Agatha Beach. He told her all about it before being engaged to her, not expressing a doubt that his first wife was dead. "You may be sure of that," said Agatha, "or she would be drawing the lifeblood out of you." Nevertheless Trevor, having had nothing but the death notice to prove to him Madge Hopkins' demise, never felt absolutely sure. And that was the reason why a certain dread was connected with the ringing of his doorbell.

A maid in a neat uniform of black and white went to the door, and the wife and husband heard a woman's coarse voice ask for Mr. Trevor. Then, without waiting to be announced, the caller brushed past the maid and into the sitting room.

"Hello, Sam!" she said. Trevor put his hands to his face and trembled. It was Madge Hopkins, and, judging from her appearance, she had been growing coarser with every year.

Mrs. Trevor ran to her husband and put her arms about him as if to shield him from the blow.

"Y' needn't be afraid o' me," said the woman, "if you'll give me something to live on."

"Why did I receive that notice of your death?" faltered Trevor. "I ain't got nothin' to do with that. I ain't got nothin' to live on. Send them remittances that was dropped and I'll let y' alone."

"Mamma!" cried the oldest daughter, a girl of ten, from above. "What's the matter?"

"Leave your address and go," said Trevor, eager to get the woman out of the house before the children should learn who she was.

The address was given, and the woman went away. Then after a silence Mr. Trevor said:

"Don't worry on my account, dearie. My position is not pleasant, but what is it compared with the interest of you and the children? Be comforted. We will keep the secret. Send the remittances regularly and no one will be the wiser."

But Mrs. Trevor had no intention of letting the matter rest where it was. A shrewd woman, she believed that there had been some weak spot in Madge Hopkins' record which was accountable for the spurious death notice and the failure to claim the remittances.

It was but a week after this, when Trevor came home one evening from business, that his wife received him with a radiant countenance that boded good news. Taking him to a room where the children would not hear and closing the door, she said:

"It's all right. I put a detective on her track, and he has been here this afternoon to report. The woman has never been Madge Hopkins since you have known her. She was secretly married before you met her to a lumber shaver—whatever that is—and, he drifting away, she took you in. But after you left he returned and claimed her. She lived with him; but, fearing if you appeared in their lives she would be tried for bigamy, she sent you the notice of her death, which she had inserted in a paper for the purpose, and gave up the remittances. Her husband has recently died, and she came back on you for support."

Feeling a Part

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

"I never did but one good act in my life," said the old counterfeiter. "There wasn't much credit in it to me, but it was productive of a lot of happiness to others. It occurred many years ago, and as I am now a very old man and have a very long, troubled life to look back upon, including several terms in the penitentiary, it stands out from the rest of my acts in odd contrast."

"It was in the summer of 1859 that several of us got together in a northern city and manufactured a number of twenty dollar counterfeit bills. As soon as we had finished the job we destroyed the outfit, divided the bills and started for different parts of the country to put them out on the public, my section being the south. Boarding one of the crack steamers of that day, I started for New Orleans. In order the better to impose on people I dressed myself in ministerial black and wore a white cravat. I had been an actor and could personate a clergyman, or any one else, for that matter, to perfection."

"The main cabin of the steamers running on the Mississippi river in those days, when the table was not set for meals, was occupied principally for gambling. Poker, seven-up, euchre and other games were played, though the parties playing were not large and often two persons only occupied a table. I was sitting on the guards one day when a negro came out of the cabin, wringing his hands."

"What's the matter, boy?" I asked. "Mars' done gone lose me to a nigger trader. Ma wife an' pickaninies won't neber see me no mo'."

"I found that his master, a planter, had taken him to Cairo as his body servant, was returning, had lost all the money he had with him at cards, staked his dinky and lost him too. I went into the cabin, where the planter and the trader were settling up, the planter being at the moment occupied in making out a bill of sale for the slave."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said to the planter. "On account of my vocation I am opposed, of course, to gambling in any form, but I dislike exceedingly the separation of families. I understand that you have lost your negro. I would be pleased to lend you the money to win him back."

"The gentleman accepted the offer. I brought out some new, crisp bills, just from the press, and the game started anew. It was euchre. I soon saw that the gambler could go on winning from the trader all day if he liked, for the former was perpetrating one of the commonest tricks on him—that is, 'turning jack.' In other words, when he dealt he would always turn up a knave for himself. Seeing this and other cheating, I interfered. I told him that I had learned the game before becoming a clergyman and insisted on taking the planter's place. Since I was backing the latter he was obliged to yield to me in the matter, which he did with a bad grace."

"I had not only learned the game before becoming a clergyman," but all the tricks that went with it and many other games. I walked into that card sharper in a way that opened his eyes. The negro at stake had followed me into the cabin and was standing watching the game with bulging eyes. It was hard for me to keep a straight face, playing as I was, a supposed minister of the gospel, with counterfeit money and doing as neat bits of thimbering as had ever been practiced on that palatial steamboat. The negro trader was not a professional card sharper, though he didn't hesitate to cheat the planter, and never dreamed that the somber man before him in a modest white necktie was placing the cards exactly where he wanted them."

"Of course I soon won the dinky for his master. Then I arose from the table, delivered a homily on the sin of gambling and returned to the guards. I was followed by the planter, who said to me:

"Pe'mit me, suh, to say to yo' that yo're the first man of the cloth that has evah obtained my unbouded respect, suh. Yo' have saved my boy, suh, from being separated from his wife and children, an act fo' which I would have been to blame. I have sufficient influence, suh, to control a call to the First Baptist church of —, Mississippi. If yo' will accept it I shall be yo's with a fat salary."

"I thanked the gentleman for his offer, but declined it. When we reached his landing he insisted so heartily upon my visiting him at his plantation that I consented."

"I was made welcome by his family, and the wife and children of the negro I had saved from the trader came to the house with tears in their eyes to thank me. I was a good looking young fellow in those days and could see that I made an impression on one of the planter's daughters. I had everything at my disposal to perpetrate any rascality I might choose. I could get the planter's indorsement, which would enable me to dispose of my 'green goods,' and I believed I could win his daughter."

"I did neither. For a brief season I enjoyed the sensation of being a fine fellow. During that time I permitted myself to feel the part just as an actor will feel the character he is personating. Then when it was over I departed, resisting with difficulty the reproachful look of the girl who favored me, and as soon as I was on another boat was again a dog of a counterfeiter."

THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Little Inez Basquemonto, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest, was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child; but, being a Mexican, she was a woman). She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen. She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one. But if any person attempted to guy her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified. And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained.

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Teck" schools of the northern states. He was twenty years old, handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button. What must he do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her! I, who was older, saw his danger and warned him. I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemonto veranda the twang of Inez's guitar, her little flute voice, her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"You little fool," I would say to him, "don't you know that the girl is a ringleader of child and woman—child in experience, woman in development; that she will fall in love with you and then?"

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply. The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold. The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm.

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move. Eggleston assured me there wouldn't be any trouble. The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman. He was going away and would simply bid her goodbye as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been.

"My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing. Go without saying anything about your going."

He didn't take my advice. The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters.

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing.

"Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to look forward to meeting him again. "You'll grow up soon and get married. Then you won't want any young men friends like me."

In order the better to kill in her all expectation of getting any nearer to him he told her he had a girl in the north.

That evening I met Inez carrying a cudgel in one hand and a canvas bag in the other. She wore the same innocent look she had always worn, but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye. There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon, and, naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the jilting he was giving her. She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the moving of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Springing out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a roddman slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light. His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain.

"Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

THE SIREN

By CORA HATHORN SYKES

Each dwelling should be a thing of itself, not containing any one except the family whose home it is. Many a wife and husband have been separated, innocent children made to suffer and sometimes murder done because of a man or a woman going to live with a family of which they were not a part.

The Browns were a humdrum couple, content with each other and their home. When it was decided to have a governess for their children Miss Olive Markam was selected for the purpose. Miss Markam was pretty, and Mrs. Brown should have hesitated before taking her into the sheepfold. Not that the wolf was likely to harm her lambs, but there was a sheep in the family who, though not very tender, was liable to fall a prey to the newcomer. Neither Mrs. Brown nor her husband gave the entrance of Miss Markam into the family a thought so far as danger was concerned. Neither had ever known a pang of jealousy. Mr. Brown was a pudgy, baldheaded man of forty-two; Mrs. Brown was a tall, angular woman but a year his junior. Neither supposed that the other could attract any one else even if so inclined. The governess was but twenty and replied to Mr. Brown's remarks with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as a person of an entirely different generation. And yet there was danger in her presence at the Browns'.

Mr. Brown had his own sleeping room, where he might get a quiet night's rest without being disturbed by the rest of the family. One night he awakened from a bad dream and could not go to sleep again. After vainly endeavoring for an hour or more to do so he got up, put on a dressing gown and went downstairs to get a biscuit and a glass of wine, hoping that by thus drawing the blood to his stomach he might return to slumber. He took great care to move softly that he might not awaken any of the family and on reaching the dining room refrained even from striking a light. He found what he wanted in the sideboard and, having partaken of it, was about to return to his room when he felt his hand clasped by a softer one.

Mr. Brown knew Mrs. Brown's hand very well. It was not soft; it was not even round. On the contrary, it was hard and bony. A current shot quickly up his arm and entered his heart; no, his self esteem, exciting that natural gratification a man who has passed middle life feels in attracting a young woman. The conviction that the governess had fallen in love with him popped into Mr. Brown's head and created there a disturbance at once delightful and terrifying. On the one hand was his home, his wife, his children; on the other, the siren. If he listened to the one the wreck of the others was sure to follow. But had he the power to resist? Mr. Brown felt in his bones that he had not.

All this flashed through Mr. Brown's mind in the two or three seconds that he held the hand in his. Then it was withdrawn, and without sound or farewell the owner passed. With a wildly beating heart he stood, listened, hoped for further manifestation, feared he would receive it, groped for it with outstretched hands, was disappointed, comforted, troubled, pleased and thrilled all at the same time. At last, being convinced that the owner of the hand had gone, he returned to his room.

Mr. Brown lay awake till daylight, a prey to different emotions, then went to sleep and dreamed that he and the governess were floating down a river whose banks were covered with luxuriant foliage and overhung with flowers. She was the same woman, but transfigured to one of transcendent beauty. He bent over the side of the boat and saw his own face reflected in the water. To his surprise, his hair had come back on his head with no gray streaks in it, and his eye had regained the fire of youth.

Then he took her hand in his—the same hand he had held before. There was the same pleasurable thrill without the dread of consequences. The wife of his bosom, so far as his dream was concerned, had no existence; his children were not yet born. He drifted in paradise.

He was awakened by a shake and the words: "Elisha, are you going to sleep all day? Get up!"

It was Mrs. Brown, in dishabille and forming a dreadful contrast with the companion of his dream. Mr. Brown lay a few moments trying to get used to the returned reality, then slowly got out of bed, forced himself into his clothes and went down into the dining room. The family were at breakfast. His oldest daughter, aged fourteen, looked at him mischievously.

"How did you like the ghost, papa?" she asked, her eyes dancing with fun.

"W-h-a-t ghost?"

But he knew before she told him that she had got up in the night for a glass of water, heard him leave his room, followed him and, with better eyes than his, clasped his hand.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown to his wife after breakfast and before going downtown, "I've been thinking that the children will get on better going to school than taught by a governess."

"Perhaps you're right, pa. Anyway, we can't keep Miss Markam after the holidays. She's going to be married."

"Married?"

"Yes, to a very nice looking young fellow, a year older than she. Same difference as between us, dear."

WHEN ABNER GOT MAD

By M. QUAD
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Miss Eunice Glasser was a "sorter" old maid, but it was not her fault. Abner Jackson, who was a "sorter" old bachelor, had been courting her for five years without actually popping the question. She lived with her widowed mother in the village, and he worked a little farm just outside.

Abner wasn't lazy. He was just a good natured poke of a man. He was going to get married some day, but there was no hurry about it. He always talked as if he intended to marry Eunice, but he didn't come down to details. He didn't ask her to name the day and arrange the bridal tour. Eunice liked Abner and bore with him, but she was getting rather tired of it when her Aunt Hannah came on a visit. Aunt Hannah saw Abner two or three times, understood his nature and then said to her niece:

"Look here, you've got a poke of a man hanging around after you, and it may be ten years more before he'll say anything about marriage. Are you going to put up with it or do something?"

"Why, auntie, what can I do?"

"Get mad at him and make him think he's going to lose you."

"He only laughs when I get mad."

"Then set in and criticize his feet, his nose, his eyebrows. Tell him that he's the homeliest man you ever saw."

"I don't think he'd mind it at all."

"Didn't you ever see him show any temper?"

"Not a bit. He was run over by a drove of hogs once and got up laughing. No, you can't make Abner mad. He's a poke, but an awfully good man."

"And are you going to keep right on for the next fifty years, are you?"

One afternoon three or four days later a vinegar barrel with one head out was left at the house by the grocer to be used as a rain barrel. The house stood on quite a hill, and there was a sharp slope down to the village street. About the hour Abner usually appeared Eunice was sent on an errand to the other side of the village, and when the "poke" arrived Aunt Hannah was the one to greet him. She took him to the corner of the house where the barrel stood and promptly began:

"See here, Mr. Jackson, you've been dawdling around here for years. What are you after?"

"Why—why?" he stammered as he leaned up against the house and could say no more.

"Oh, you can't tell! I knew you couldn't. You've come here almost every night in the week for months and years and squatted yourself down, and what for? Your talk can't interest anybody. The sight of you isn't inspiring. If I was Eunice I'd just as soon have a wooden man around. And yet you come and squat and squat. I ask you, sir, what you mean by such conduct?"

"I—I guess I'll go home," answered Abner, who was too astonished to see straight.

"And I guess you won't," said Aunt Hannah, "at least not until you have explained yourself. I've been looking at you. If I had a cow as homely as you are I'd knock her in the head with the ax. Hump shouldered, bowlegged and feet like an elephant, and yet you come here and squat around and take up a girl's time! Why, man, what can you think of yourself?"

"I'll never come again!" exclaimed Abner in a changed voice.

"That's good. That's what I wanted to hear you say. Go and squat somewhere else. Go and find the homeliest girl in the country to match you. The first time I saw you I knew you was a poke of a man and you hadn't grit enough to push a toad off its nest."

"Woman, be careful! If you aggravate me too much—"

"Aggravate an old poke! Why, man, it would take you three years to get mad, even if you started in tonight."

The next thing she knew she was being lifted off her feet in Abner's strong arms and deposited in the handy barrel. Before she could yell twice the barrel was whirled on its side and given a kick to start it down the slope. It took an erratic course. It ran to the right a few feet and then shied to the left. It stopped for a moment at a gooseberry bush and then dodged and jumped clear over a crabapple tree. There were yelling and screaming from the inmates of the barrel, but Abner stood and watched the circus and shouted back:

"I'm a poke, am I? I'm a squatter, am I? I've got bowlegs and humped shoulders and feet like an elephant! Go! Turn your hide, roll on!"

And the barrel rolled, and Aunt Hannah rolled, and neither of them stopped rolling till the barrel crashed through the fence and brought up against a shade tree in the street. No one was killed. No bones were broken. Aunt Hannah crept out and up to the house and was just finished with the last of the arnica when Miss Eunice came rushing in with radiant face to exclaim:

"I was coming back home—and I met Abner—and he was swearing—and he grabbed me by the arm—and he said he'd break my neck if I didn't go right to the preacher's and be married—and—"

"And you went?"

"Yes, and we were married. I had to be. Abner ain't a poke any more, but the awfulest, determinedest man you ever heard of. Why, auntie, he told me to tell you that you could go to thunder and be burned to you!"

Mrs. Brown's Dinner.
Mrs. W. H. C. Brown, of 1929 Thirteenth street Northwest, entertained dinner at the Northwest Cafe last evening a number of her friends. The affair was an enjoyable



Mountain breezes, seashore breezes and social breezes all meet around the breezy soda fountain at the two drug stores of Board & Maguire at 1912-1-2 14th St., and at 9th and You Sts. Two places "where everybody meets everybody else" for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Miss Nellie Ford left the city last week for the country. Miss M. E. Janifer has gone to Hampton, Va., where she will spend the month of August with friends. Miss Geneva Walker and mother left the city this week for Atlantic City and New York.

Miss Georgia Sheffey and mother will visit friends in Tennessee. Mrs. Sheffey's old home, before returning to the city.

Mrs. L. C. Collier, of Savannah, Ga., left for a six weeks' visit to her daughter in this city.

The Misses Mary E. Smith and Stella R. Arrington, of this city, who have been visiting in Detroit, Mich., returned to the city after a very pleasant trip.

The Misses Boyds, of 1324 Montello avenue Northeast, entertained a few friends last Saturday evening.

Mr. Campfield Bostic and wife are in Atlantic City.

Prof. L. B. Moore passed through the city last week enroute to Mountain Lake Park, Md., to address the chautauqua assembly, which was in session there.

Mrs. J. M. Seabrook, widow of the late Dr. J. Mitchell Seabrook, is in the city for several days, at 1337 T street Northwest, where she will be pleased to see any of her friends.

Mrs. Alice Smith, formerly of this city, but now of Red Bank, N. J., spent a week in the city recently visiting friends who gave her a delightful time. While here she was the guest of Mrs. A. L. Lenard, of First street Northwest.

Miss Dora F. Barker, a teacher in the schools here, is much improved after quite a long spell of illness. Her friends hope the coming school term will be as successful as her first, as she was not absent a day.

Ford Dabney, Mr. Joe Gans, Mrs. Anna Jarrott and E. Bernard Taylor, motored to Atlantic City last week.

Miss Virginia Sackum, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. E. Bishop, of Cambridge, Mass., has returned to the city.

Mr. J. Henry Lewis, director of the Amphion Glee Club, is in Atlantic City.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

The Misses Bessie and Pocahontas Berry, of New York, are in the city visiting relatives. Before returning to their home they will also visit Petersburg, Va.

Miss Adele Parks, of this city, who is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, of New York City, has been receiving a great deal of social attention. Theater parties and auto rides and luncheons have been some of the courtesies shown her.

Mr. Fred Syphax, of this city, was among those who attended the surprise given Miss Hattie Naomi Fraire, of New York City.

Miss Bessie Hall, of this city, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. Lennon Carter, of Harrisburg, Pa., has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fletcher, of 1301 Wallace Place Northwest, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Hershey, of Mt. Joy, Pa., in their touring car. The party started for Philadelphia Friday, the 3d, stopping in Baltimore, Wilmington, Chester, arriving in Philadelphia 11 P. M. Sunday.

Miss Lula Brown is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wendall, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Mary Ferguson, of this city, is in Frankford, Pa., for a few weeks.

Miss Louise Howard and Miss Salie Fisher, of this city, are the guests of Miss Mary Cole, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. John Weitt, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has guest Mrs. H. D. Woodson, of this city.

The Washington guests at the English House, in Gotham, N. Y., are Miss L. Washington, Miss A. Cornell, and Mrs. C. Lucas and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of New York City, are visiting friends in this city. From here they will go to Richmond and Lawrenceville, Va.

Mrs. W. G. Turner has returned to her home in Philadelphia, Pa., after a pleasant ten day trip in this city.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Mrs. Helen Lenning and Jessie Faucet were among the Washingtonians seen on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City last week.

Mrs. William Bishop, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to Philadelphia.

Mr. James Neal, of this city, is visiting his sister and brother, Mrs. Henry and Andrew Neal, of Chicago, Ill.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Miss Mary E. Baltimore, of Harrisburg, Pa., is in the city. She came to attend the meeting of the National Association of Colored Nurses, of which she is a member.

Miss Edith Savoy, of this city, is the guest of her relative, Wilbur Rodgers, of New York City.

Miss Nellie Trice and Miss Mattie Hughes are among the Washingtonians in Charlottesville, Va.

Miss Ruth Brown, of Catonsville, Md., who spent the month of July as the guest of Miss Bernice Brooks, of 533 Florida avenue, has returned home, much pleased with her trip.

Prof. Tunnell, wife and daughter, Miss Mabel, have been the guests of Mrs. Thomas Stubbs, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Catherine Mathewson and Martha Dancy, sisters of Hon. John C. Dancy, and Georgia Mathewson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Matthews, and niece of Mrs. Dancy, all of Tarboro, N. C., the birthplace of Mr. Dancy, spent a part of last week here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dancy.

Mrs. Dancy, they visited all the places of interest, and were charmed with the Capital city.

Mr. Charles Fearing, stenographer at Tuskegee Institute, is in the city, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Lucile Alleyne, is in Charlotte, N. C., visiting her parents. She will be joined by her husband, Rev. Alleyne, later.

Mrs. Mary Pierre and little children are still in the mountains.

Capt. Walter Loving, leader of the Filipino band, is again in this country.

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Mr. Hays is Grand Director of the Subcommittee of Management of the G. U. O. of O. F. He has been all the places of interest, and was charmed with the Capital city.

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Music will be furnished by the Wilberforce Orchestra. Notice the advertisement in another column.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mr. R. G. Doggett, well known in the theatrical world, has returned from New York City, where he has been the guest of J. Rosemond Johnson.

Mr. Wm. H. Lewis and Mr. James A. Cobb spent Sunday last at Wilmington, Del., the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Elbert.

Mr. Geo. W. Hays, an attaché of the U. S. District Court at Cincinnati, O., was the guest of W. L. Houston last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. B. R. Finchback is rusticating in the country.

The family of Prof. R. C. Bruce are spending the summer vacation at Opequin, Va.

Miss Maude Young, of Howard University, after spending several weeks at Oberlin, O., returned to Washington for a few days last week, prior to going to Raleigh, N. C., to visit her father.

A persistent rumor is current that Dr. Gaskins, of Twelfth and T streets will shortly renounce the single life and take unto himself a wife in the person of a talented musician.

Ralph Cook is back in Washington from Chicago University, for the summer vacation.

Dr. Gordon Jackson has resigned as intern at Freedman's Hospital, and returned to Chicago to take up the practice of medicine.

Master Sidney Williston, who is attending school at Tuskegee, is spending his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Williston.

Mrs. Curtis, wife of Dr. A. M. Curtis, who has been visiting in California, has reached Chicago, en route back to Washington.

Mrs. Edith Miller, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, of Vermont avenue.

Mr. Jay Cox left Monday for a visit to his home at Chillicothe and to Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Bella Highwarden and daughter, Miss Ether Highwarden, are in New York.

Miss Annie Murdock, of Eleventh street, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is rapidly improving.

Miss Annie Belle Wesley left the city last Tuesday afternoon for Bristol, Anne Arundel County, Md., where she will spend several weeks.

Miss J. T. Mitchell and Miss Anna Tucker, of Norfolk, Va., passed through the city Saturday en route to Atlantic City, N. J. While here they spent the time with Dr. Julia P. H. Coleman.

Miss Helen Taylor, of Fortress Monroe, is spending her vacation in the city, the guest of her brother, Wm. Taylor.

Mrs. Julia H. Hayes will visit Richmond, Va., next week.

Mr. Ernest J. Green returned last Sunday from Darnestown, Md., where he visited his mother.

Misses Nellie Ford, Ernestine and Ethel Brent, left the city this week on a ten days' stay at Niagara Falls, after which Miss Ford will visit relatives and friends in Mt. Holly, N. J.

Miss Cloutier Houston will spend her vacation in Canada.

Mrs. Mamie Jordan left the city Saturday evening for Boston, Mass. While en route she visited her cousin, Mrs. Bessie Dade, in Jersey City.

Miss Mary Cooke left the city Sunday evening to visit her brothers in Newport, R. I.

Miss Limes has returned to her home in Wilson, N. C. Miss Noyle Thomas accompanied her there and will be her guest for ten days.

Miss Corinne Quivers is the guest of Mrs. A. O. Knox and Miss Gussie V. Williams, of N. Fifth street, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Annie Ricks, who resides in Philadelphia, who has been in Charlotte, N. C., two months visiting relatives and friends, is now visiting in Gaithersburg, Md.

Mrs. Annie Mason is visiting relatives and friends in Gaithersburg, Md.

Mr. George W. Mitchell, who resides in Baltimore, Md., and a graduate of the Teachers' College, Howard University, of the Class '11, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Sciences in the Albany Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna May Mason, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Jersey City, is spending her vacation in Gaithersburg, Md., with relatives and friends.

Rev. Walter H. Brooks is to be speaker of the evening at the public meeting of the St. Lukes on the evening of the 16th, at the Fifth Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. His theme, "The Possibilities of the Race."

Miss Gaines, of Danville, Va., is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. George A. Robinson and two little sons, returned to the city on Monday of last week, after a two weeks' sojourn in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Bessie Martin is spending her vacation in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Randall, of Suffolk, Va., is visiting her son, Mr. George A. Robinson, in Harvard street, Northwest.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. J. Davis, of Twelfth street Northeast, and his mother, left the city Saturday morning for Vienna, N. J., where they are the guests of Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford.

Mrs. P. W. Price and daughter Lanier, are spending their vacation at Somerset Beach, Md.

Miss Mary Mason is enjoying her stay in Atlantic City, N. J.

The Misses Leslye and Helen Spears, the daughters of Mrs. Isabel Spears, will spend the summer in Rochester, N. Y., visiting their uncle, Mr. John Spears.

On their return home in September they will visit friends in New York City.

Mrs. Isabel Spears has gone to visit her mother in the Virginia mountains.

Miss Rose A. Henderson, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Dancy.

Mr. Richard Morris, of Pierce Place, gave a dinner to his friends at Martin's Cafe last week. It was served in courses.

Mrs. L. Kohler Chambers, of 1424 Twelfth street Northwest, left the city

HOWARD UNIVERSITY WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wilbur P. Thirkield, LL. D., President.

Located in Capital of the Nation. Camps of over 20 acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New science hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,382 students from 37 States and 10 other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

The College of Arts and Sciences.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. Sixteen professors. Kelly Miller, A. M., dean.

The Teachers' College.

Special opportunities for teachers. Regular college courses in psychology, pedagogy, education, etc., with degree of A. B.; pedagogical courses leading to Ph. B. degree. High-grade courses in normal training, music, manual arts and domestic sciences. Graduates helped to positions. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph. D., dean.

The Academy.

Faculty of 13. Three courses of four years each. High-grade preparatory school. George J. Cummings, A. M., dean.

The Commercial College.

Courses in bookkeeping, stenography, commercial law, history, civics, etc. Business and English high school education combined. George W. Cook, A. M., dean.

School of Manual Arts and Applied Sciences.

Furnishes thorough courses. Six instructors. Offers four-year courses in mechanical and civil engineering, and architecture.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

The School of Theology.

Interdenominational. Five professors. Broad and thorough courses. Advantages of connection with a great university. Students' aid. Low expenses. Isaac Clark, D. D., dean.

THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Colleges.

Forty-nine professors. Modern laboratories and equipment. Connected with new Freedmen's Hospital, costing a half million dollars. Clinical facilities not surpassed in America. Post-graduate school and polyclinic. Edward A. Balloch, M. D., dean, Fifth and W streets, Northwest. W. C. McNeill, M. D., secretary, 901 R street, Northwest.

The School of Law.

Faculty of eight. Courses of three years, giving a thorough knowledge of theory and practice of law. Occupies own building opposite court house. Benjamin F. Leighton, LL. B., dean, 420 Fifth Street, Northwest.

For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Department.

a few days ago for Boston, Mass., where she will spend the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Mary E. Jones and her two daughters, Misses Clarice and Georgia, left the city Thursday for Bealton, Va., where they will remain two weeks. From there they will go to Niagara Falls and several other Eastern cities.

Mrs. F. J. Bundy and daughter Miss Della will leave the city next week on an extensive trip.

Miss Harriett P. Shadd, who has been at Arlington, N. Y., has left for other parts of the country on a vacation.

Misses E. A. Chase and R. E. Bell are numbered among the guests composing the house party of Attorney and Mrs. Lulu Chase Goldsberry, his wife, at 1000 Polk street, Lynchburg, Va.

About August 15 the party will repair to Paradise farm, the summer residence of Attorney and Mrs. Goldsberry, where they will spend the remainder of the season. Then Mrs. Goldsberry will accompany the party on a trip up the James River and to Richmond and Newport News.

Dr. M. Alethia Crews, of the Fountain Pharmacy, Washington, D. C., is the guest of Mrs. M. J. Moore, 208 West 133d street, New York, N. Y.

Lawyer W. L. Pollard is enjoying rest in the mountains of Pittston, Pa.

Mrs. Jno. T. Howe, after spending ten days visiting friends in Raleigh and Goldsboro, N. C., has gone to Wilmington, N. C., her old home, where she is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. McDonald.

Miss S. J. Janifer has gone to the Missionary Sunday School Convention, which met in Knoxville, Tenn., Thursday.

Mr. Thomas Redmon, proprietor of the Porter's Exchange, has gone to Atlanta, Ga., on business.

Mrs. Oliver Rodgers and son, of T street Northwest, have returned from Philadelphia, looking the picture of health.

Mrs. Ella Brown, of 1911 Second street Northwest, is confined to her home, quite sick. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Miss Emma Millen, of Birmingham, Ala., and Miss Sophie M. Overstreet, of Camp Nelson, Ky., were the guests of Miss Mabel Overstreet last week. These young ladies were the recipients of much social attention.

For Sale - 3 Sold

2125-31 Newport Place, Northwest

Bet. 21st & 22nd, N & O Sts.

Sample House 2129

The equal in finish and style to a \$7500 house

A FEW OF THE FEATURES:

- Cement cellar.
- Front and rear porches.
- Large back yards-to alley.

Tiled bath with terrazo floors

Hot waterheat

- Extra closet and wash tubs in cellar.
- Hardwood finish.
- Dome lights in dining room.
- Gas and electricity.
- Handsome mantels in parlor and dining room.
- Eighteen feet wide.
- Fronts finished off in Spanish tile.

Two squares from Dupont Circle
One square from New Hampshire Avenue
One square from P street car line

Reasonable Price Easy Terms

Frank T Rawlings Co 1425 N.Y. Ave. NORTHWEST

Howard Theatre

THE SEARONS FIRST

Sunday Night Concert Sunday Aug. 13

6-NEW VAUEVILLE ACTS-6

4-Reels of the Latest Motion Pictures-4

THE BIGGEST AND BEST EVER OFFERED FOR
10-CENTS-10
TWO PERFORMANCES-8 AND 9:15

Miss Julia A. Smith, of Providence, R. I., is the guest of her daughter, Miss Ethel Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Thornton, of Providence, R. I., are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Jones, on T street.

Misses Edna and Emma Lucas are visiting friends in Providence, R. I. Mrs. Dolman, of 1213 Druid Hill avenue, Baltimore, Md., spent several days in this city.

Among the Washingtonians who attended the Galilean Fisherman Convention, which met in Baltimore last week, were Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Curtis, N. Jones, Johnson.

Mrs. Edward Webster, of Elm street, is spending the summer in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Jennie Daly and two daughters, Laura and Ruth, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mathews, in Gettysburg, Pa.

Misses Gerster Smallwood and Hattie Betts have gone to Atlantic City, N. J., to spend two weeks.

Miss Leonora E. Bailey left the city last Saturday on a trip to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Mason have returned from Atlantic City, where they enjoyed a very pleasant stay.

Misses Sylvia and Sadie Piper are summering at Asbury Park.

Mrs. James Turner, of Baltimore, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, in Carrollbury Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Cannon, of St. Louis, Mo., are the guests of their son, Mr. Walter Cannon, Jr., 1838 Eleventh street.

Mrs. James Skinner, of Baltimore, Md., is the guest of Miss Mary A. Francis.

Mrs. Ida V. Smith, of 1309 R street, has Miss Blanche Arenwood, of Tampa, Fla., as her house guest.

Mrs. Barbara Cole is in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mrs. Eunice Chaney, of Eleventh street, with her little son, is summering in North Carolina.

Mrs. W. T. Vernon is in Colton, Ind.

Dr. Lucy Moten is in Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Miss Eliza Bill, of this city, accompanied by Mrs. Fowler, of Baltimore, Md., will leave in a few days for Atlantic City and Boston.

Miss Florence Johnson is in Deer Park, Md.

Miss Mayme McGinn and Mr. Anderson, of Chicago, will be married this month.

Wm. L. Pollard, Esq., is enjoying rest in the mountains in Pennsylvania. From there he will go to the sea shore.

Hon. Wm. H. Lewis and Assistant District Attorney James A. Cobb have returned after a delightful week-end trip to Wilmington, Del. While there they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Elbert. While there they were motored by Dr. Elbert to West Chester, Valley Forge and Philadelphia, Pa. Perhaps it is quite interesting to

Cars to the Northeast Section and suburbs pass the door

THE Astoria Pharmacy

(W. Armstrong)

Fresh Drugs

Third and G Sts. N.W.

Drugs and Preparations always fresh

Phone Main 3252

MOORE'S

Original Concert Co.

Will Play Concerts, Sunday Schools, Benevolent Societies, Churches

810 F STREET, N.W.

BEST IN THE CITY

High Class Artists

FIRST CLASS HAIR CUT AND SAAVE-EVERY INSTRUMENT STERILIZED BEFORE AND AFTER USING-ELECTRIC MASSAGE A SPECIALTY

Wm. McMullen

1026 YOU STREET, N.W.

know that two of the successful contestants in the recent fly campaign were members of the Jas. A. Garfield school, of which Mr. Harry Lewis is principal. Their names are Mabel Oden and Essie Henson. Mabel Coates, also of the Garfield school, received honorable mention.

Mrs. Mary Pierre and two children, Samuel, Jr., and little Mary, are summering at Huny, Md. They have a beautiful little cottage near the water front, and are having a delightful time. Dr. Sam Pierre will make a visit to his family shortly. He is now keeping bachelor's quarters.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington to the Government alone, and these three millions of dollars aggregating \$3,044,404. These 5,499 Negroes draw salaries as are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants in Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalk grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid. We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book an attractiveness free. We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These, Taking Several Days to Remove, Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked, and they would be raw all winter long."

"The regulars stationed at the military posts in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undesired duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid."

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste."—New York Press.

Revenge.

"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Cope, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and, besides—"

"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble, Robert," the other hastened to reply. "I would sooner pay fifty fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals!"—London Answers.

Faithful Woman.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the muddle in the books?" "He said he would clear it all up."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out!"—Baltimore American.

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Simonds.

CYCLONE FORMATION.

Air Gets Warm and Light, and the Mechanical Laws Are the Same as in a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW JERSEY TEA.

Red Root, That Did Good Service in Revolutionary Days.

You housekeepers of today whose favorite brands of Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, India and Ceylon, etc., diffuse their fragrance over your tea table would hardly suppose that tea, or, rather, a fairly good substitute for it, was once made from the leaves of one of our prettiest New Jersey wild flowers. Yet so it was in the old turbulent days of the American Revolution, when they had so much trouble over the imported article and used various beverages as substitutes for that to which they had become accustomed.

New Jersey tea, or red root, as it is also called, is a low growing shrub with many branches, seldom over three feet high, and is found from Canada to Florida, growing usually in dry wooded sections. It is very abundant in New Jersey, for which it is named. It blooms profusely in July and is so showy, with its many pale white blossoms, as to be quite worth a place in the gardens as an ornamental shrub. It has a dark red root, with leaves downy beneath and very much veined, by which it is easily distinguished from the pure tea. An infusion of the leaves prepared in the same manner as the genuine article has somewhat the taste of ordinary grades of the tea of the orient, but is not supposed to possess any of its stimulating properties.—Exchange.

Bulwer Lytton and His Chorus.

The Princess von Racowitsa met Bulwer Lytton in the Riviera toward the end of the fifties. He was then, she says in her autobiography, "past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches and long colored waistcoats. Also he appeared always with a young lady who adored him and who was followed by a manservant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared, as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls, called Anglaises. He read aloud from his own works, and in especially poetic passages his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

A Tree Climbing Dog.

A government official in Bavaria connected with the forestry department has a wonderful dog, which is as clever at climbing trees as a cat. If his master fastens a handkerchief up in the treetops the animal will clamber up after it in the nimblest way and never fails to bring it down. He was taught by his mother, who was famous as a tree climber. The clever animal has won several medals by his extraordinary talent and takes particular delight in climbing silver birches, not the easiest tree in the world to scale, for the trunk is particularly smooth and slippery.—Wide World Magazine.

The Alternative.

Figg—My wife wants a new silk dress.

Fogg—Are you going to let her have it?

Figg—Yes. It's a case of silks or silks.—Boston Transcript.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed.

Unreasonable.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowance for ordinary wear an' tear?

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Robert Browning Told by an American Traveler in Italy.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry?"

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its teeth, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the Bactrian ox, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spidery full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Explained.

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble."

"Oh, yes," said an English banker to me the other day, "you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that."

"Then he gave a nasty laugh."

"But look at your fires," he said. "Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind."

"Oh, our fires," said I, "are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth."

Kindness to Animals.

"What I believe in," said Mr. Erasmus Pinkly, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown. "I have hybated dat some folks kin lift a chicken off de roos' so gentle an tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed ska'sely none."—Washington Star.

Spiteful.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me one kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.

Fell In With the Argument.

"The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add \$10 to that \$10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.—Franklin.

A DEED OF DARING.

One Man Swam to Sinking Vessel Twenty-seven Times, Returning Every Time With a Human Being.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving animals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted Islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

BROUGHT UP HOT WATER.

The Friction of the Boat Made the Ocean Almost Boil.

The steamship was speeding over seas with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought, he slung the pail down aft of the vessel directly under the draught of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awestruck girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawled, "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction that that must wear the ocean out mighty quick!"—Philadelphia Times.

Sugar.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia sugar found its way into Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily and Egypt. In the last named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the new world.—Argonaut.

His Bad Dream.

Truly oriental was the defense put forward by a prisoner at Alipore. Charged with stealing a Hindu idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshiped by the Hindu priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story and sentenced the accused to two months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine.—Bombay Gazette.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very downhearted, mum.

He Promised.

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Gayboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.



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dresser for kinky, harsh and unruly

hair, go to your druggist's and get a

bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or

50c a bottle.

House and Herrman.

The 134th anniversary of the birth

of the Stars and Stripes was observed

by the Government departments, pa-

triotic societies and schools through-

out the District last Wednesday.

Wilberforcean Orchestra.

The finest orchestra in the city is

the Wilberforcean. It is composed of

educated young men, studying pro-

fessions. The music by this orchestra

is first class. You should hear it.

INTERNATIONAL CONFER- ENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,
April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and up-building of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the

methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Elephant Threnodies.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

How Parchment Came to Be Used.
When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, pergamona, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Proof.
"I'm after the gas bill."
"Go! My husband forgot to leave the check—he's just gone."
"Are you sure he forgot to leave it?"
"Yes; he told me so just as he went."
—Cleveland Leader.

One of Many.
"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?"
"I'm just a notch on her parasol handle; that is all."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Art.
"Are you blind, prisoner?" inquired the magistrate.
"Yes, your worship."
"You are charged with vagrancy. How did you lose your sight?"
"By a fit of applepox, sir."
"But there is a picture on your breast representing an explosion in a mine, through which it is stated, you became blind. How is this?"
"Please, your worship, I couldn't afford to pay a hatter as could paint applepox."
—London Answers.

Where the Trouble Was.
"Some mis'bul sinner took an' runned off wid de collection hat las' meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat at dar was no sich place er hell de good Lawd would make one for dat sinner."
"Was there much money in the hat?"
"No, sah; day warn't so much ez a bean button in it."
"Then why are you so mad about it?"
"Hit wuz my hat," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Professor Trowbridge Declares That It Is Due to Heating of Gases Along the Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Trowbridge we owe an experiment to explain the noise of thunder. It has usually been thought that the noise is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap, but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that the thunder is due to the intense heating of the gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of the electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosions on a small scale, caused by inductive discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which soundest loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor. In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning.

Professor Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.—London Graphic.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life in America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated. "Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth, "if you think I don't know 'ow many puffs it takes to blow the 'Alleluiah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question: 'What's a-doe?' 'A hanging,' said the other, awed, 'for stealing a sheep.' 'Eh, what won't folks risk for gear?' cried the stranger. 'Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?' 'The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell!"

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the hats or sleeves or skirts of women will be next season, but he stands ready to bet that no fashion center can make big shoes for women popular.—Atchison Globe.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."
—Cleveland Leader.

FUN IN THE HOME.

Bring to It Bright Pictures and Pleasant Thoughts and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a coking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vacation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings. But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Tak, my riksha 'boy,' meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

One Definition.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"
"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flight.

"Would you take \$10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"
"Why not? Our cashier took only \$1,000 to fly to Europe."

ADAM'S PEAK.

A Shrine Visited by Thousands and Sacred to Three Conflicting Religious Sects.

Throughout Asia "holy places" are almost as numerous as leaves on a tree, but in Ceylon is a mountain which enjoys the unique distinction of being a very holy place to the devotees of three absolutely distinct and conflicting religious sects. This is Adam's Peak, or Samanala.

According to the Mohammedan belief, Adam, after the fall, was taken by an angel to the top of Samanala, and a panorama of all the ills that through sin should afflict mankind was spread out before him. His foot left an impression on the solid rock, and his tears formed the lake from which pilgrims still drink. The Buddhists contend that it was not Adam, but Buddha himself that made the footprint in the rock, that being the last spot where he touched the earth before ascending to heaven, while the Brahmans have still another legend. All, however, Brahmans, Mohammedans and Chinese, agree that Samanala is a very holy place, and to perform a pilgrimage to the spot is to the Buddhist a visit to Mecca is to a Mohammedan. In mixed crowds the worshippers come, each pitying the ignorance of the other, who is so far from the "true way."

It requires no little faith and some imagination to trace in the depression in the rock the likeness of a human footprint. It is 5 1/2 feet long by 2 1/2 feet wide, on the top of a huge boulder. The natives, however, insist that it is the footprint of Adam.—Emmett Campbell Hall in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MINIATURE GARDENS.

Tiny Lakes, Trees and Houses in Diminutive Japanese Parks.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer houses, temples, trees, all complete and in keeping with the dimensions available.

One such garden shows a lake four feet long and full of goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree exactly eighteen inches high and fifty years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some two and a half feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, fifteen years old and twelve inches high.

One household in Japan boasts of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything is complete down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inch square, and the footbridges over the water courses. Tea houses there are and numerous trees of various kinds, each about six inches in height. Old as the hills are these diminutive trees, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger.—New York Press.

One Consolation.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the humorist met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton, who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte," the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room."

"Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right," he said. 'He killed the hare.'"

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape, "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

An Inside Outing.

Wigg—The best outing a man can take is an ocean trip. Wagg—Yes, an outing for the inner man as well.—Philadelphia Record.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market, Where Men Wait to Be Purchased.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and, lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways in Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I would before, if you please, wish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! He's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating house near the dock, on the door of which may be read the following announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Philadelphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional bantering of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery will often find the vulnerable point in our armor of self complacency and show us where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and friendliness, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment.

Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover. "Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed. She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married in.—London Illustrated Bits.

A Misanthrope.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

JOSEPH H. STEWART, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court, No. 18240, Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Fannie Henderson, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 2d day of August, A. D. 1912, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 2d day of August, 1911

DANIEL P. SEATON,
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JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JOS. H. STEWART,
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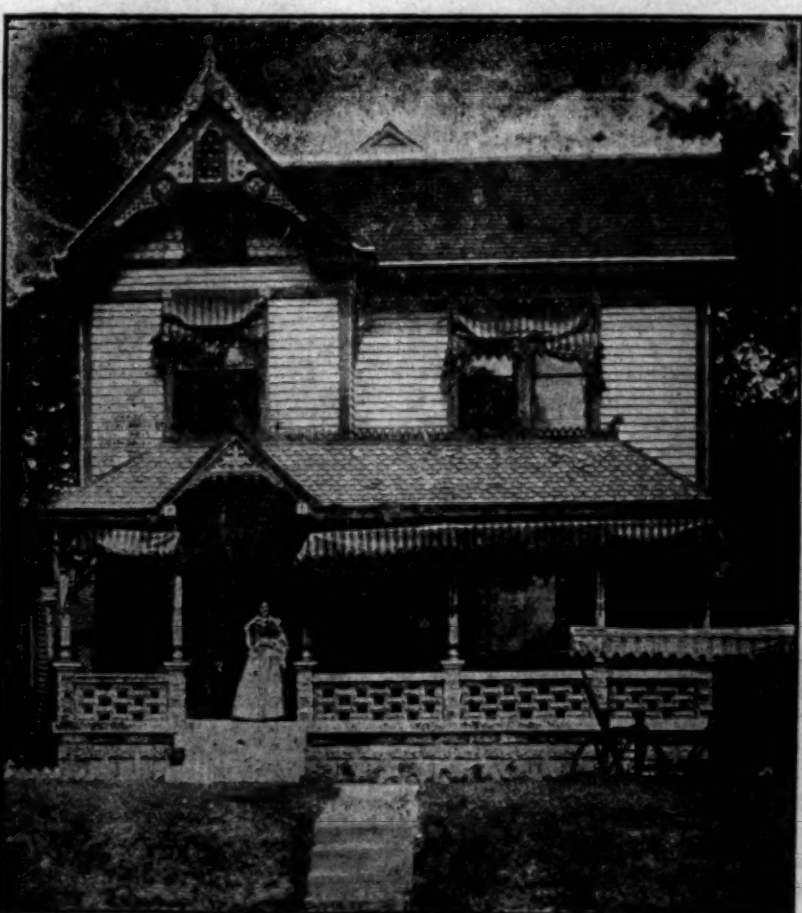
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